meant that she was always dipping into it to pay the tenants for kitchen work. She had a bad memory, especially when it came to other people's money. I believe she shorted the cig money herself, then used the shortage as an excuse to take the money home with her. I think she slept with it.

Then a so-called Front Line Worker got busted by a Canada Customs commissar for buying contraband cigs. Caspar said he'd been snitched on by a colleague. That was their "M.O." The fine was twenty-four hundred bucks and a criminal record. Caspar probably had one already.

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Caspar was a womanizer. Anyone was a womanizer compared to me, if he was straight. Caspar wanted to teach English in a former Eastern Block country because Slavic women were so beautiful. He'd worked in Sicily but it was too dangerous. He thought Czechoslovakia would be just right.

He sent faxes from the dysfunctional fax machine on top of the "meds" cabinet, and e-mails from the computer beside Adam's chair. The faxes and e-mails attracted a lot of advertisers, with pitches on the level of "Bright Boy Wanted." Patricia resented the expense. I'm sure she suspected me. Officially I wasn't supposed to have a password to get onto the internet, but Adam gave me his to